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Owen Cummings

Owen's Country.

Owens Biggest Tree

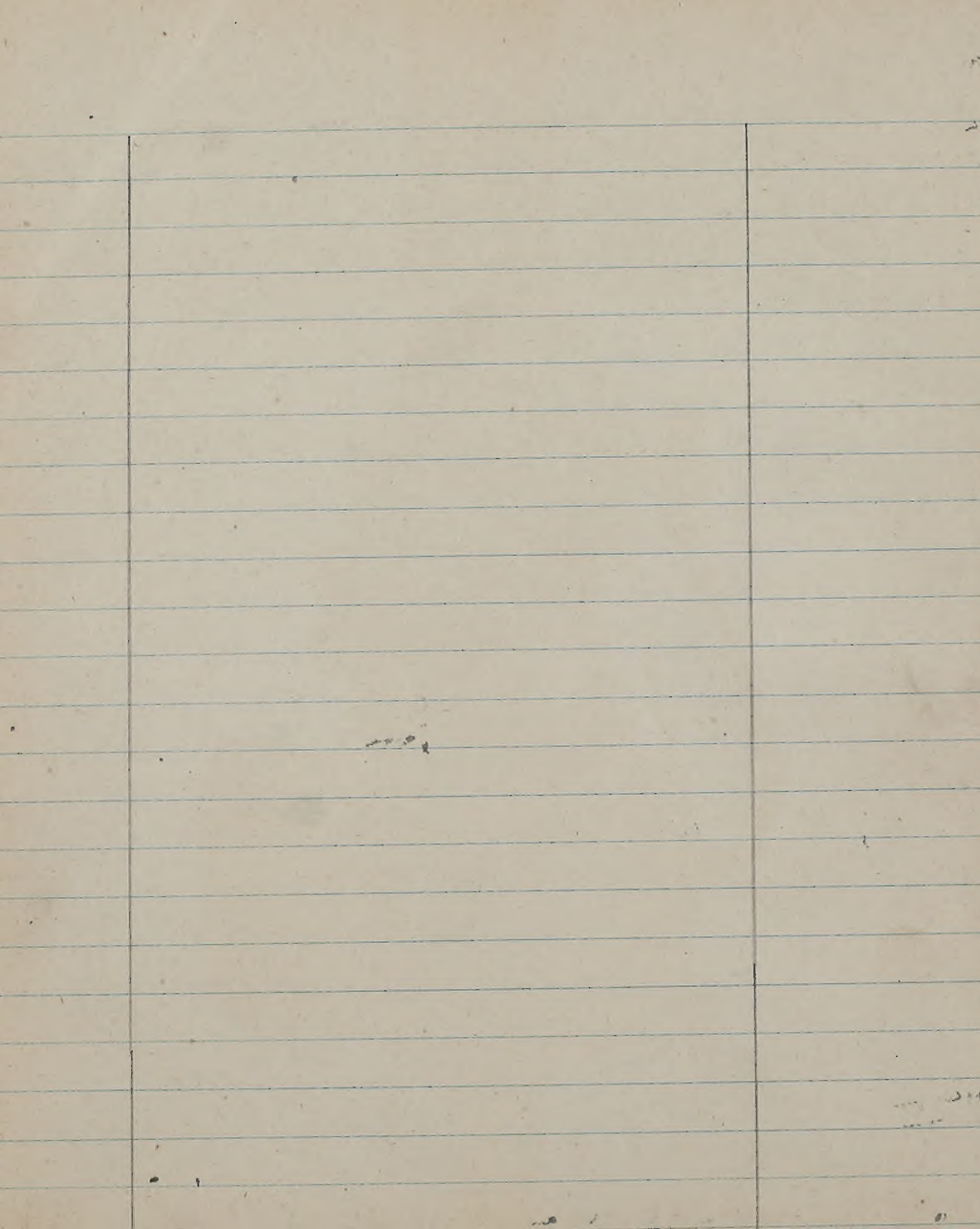
The Dog Den

Johnny McNeill's Experiment

The Shaker, My Aunt's Plant

On Some Milk Cakes

Johnny and his Grandpa



3 feet out Owen

above

One August day in 1902 Henry Grant and I were fishing the Deep Diamond River. The stream runs for the twenty five miles ^{or more} of its course through unbroken forest without a settlement or a habitation, from the Big Diamond Pond, of which it is the outlet, to its junction with the Great Diamond just above the Peake. The two streams together break through the Peake, which towers over the narrow rocky gorge, with rushing falls and deep pools, and then run out quietly through the meadows to the Magalloway River.

It is a fortunate country, where New Hampshire and Maine and Quebec meet together. The Camp to which for a quarter of a century we have accustomed to go, was on Little Diamond Pond in Coos County, the northern edge of New Hampshire. Coos was the Indian word for meadows and in the early days there were the Upper and the Lower Coos of the Connecticut valley. The name had remained with the scattered ^{white-pine and} meadows into which the valley is spread out between Beecher's Falls, ^{at Beecher's Falls} where the Connecticut River comes south eastward from the three Connecticut lakes where it rises, thence straight south, to be for 150 ^{landward} miles the boundary between New Hampshire and Vermont. The Upper Coos in early days was a no man's land between Canada and the tide of American settlement moving westward and they represent still a unique marginal type of American and Canadian life.

Little Diamond Pond Camp is the center stand between the Connecticut and Androscoggin ^{Androscoggin} valleys. From Colebrook on the Maine Central road it was in the old days a log teacher's mud den with four horses and a buckboard of the Mohawk lower forest kindred and then straight up the high hills with

a final pull through the ~~last~~ woods of the Camp. ^{cliffing} The stone from the Camp
 goes and hanging from across the dining room over the wall water
 shed. We could sit on the apple porch and watch the rain drop take their
 courses, then westward to the tiny brook through the woods and the pasture
 to the North, to Cambridge and Long Island Sound, and some landward
 into Little Diamond Pond, skimming through the trees a hundred yards away, from
 Little Diamond through the alder swamps and the forest a mile or more, to the
 Big Diamond and from the Big Diamond ^{Pond} down the Dept Diamond, ^{Basin} of the Dead
 and then on to the Mepalloway and the Adirondack ^{mountain} ^{entry} eastward to the
 Main and coming down by Rampart and Livermore Falls and Lunenburg
 to join the Kennebec and go out past Bath to the sea.

Little Diamond is a light lake in New Hampshire. Some lumber survey-
 as have marked it as lake 2273 feet, on the apple porch. From Kniffin's
 Ski, back of the Camp, one can see in a clear day the Presidential Range of the
 White Mountains fifty ^{and} miles to the south, Mount Rank of Vermont some
 only a stick away, and ^{in plain view are} the hills of Quebec and north-
 eastward beyond Capital Mountain the Camel's Hump and the Slide and the
 range along the Upper Mepalloway of Parnachene Lake and beyond. The
 two Diamond Ponds, Little and Big, have been famous fishing grounds for
 many a year. In "I go a fishing", one of the great fishermen of two gen-
 erations ago, Dr. W. P. Prime, tells of his next to Little Diamond and ~~is~~ as
 a ^{fisherman's} ^{in triumph} ^{and} ^{trough} ^{over} ^{my} ^{to} ^{read} ^{his} ^{story}
 a ^{fisherman's} ^{in triumph} ^{and} ^{trough} ^{over} ^{my} ^{to} ^{read} ^{his} ^{story}
 a ^{fisherman's} ^{in triumph} ^{and} ^{trough} ^{over} ^{my} ^{to} ^{read} ^{his} ^{story}

"I go a fishing" - p. 308-311

"A half-mile walk - at a fair water level."

down to the Brown Farm about half way from the lower to the upper Diamond
 to its end and to cross back from the Farm of Post Brook to Nathan's Pond.
 From ^{Nathan's} ~~the~~ ^{place} ~~where~~ there was a blazed trail back over Nathan's Pond Mountain to
 Little Diamond

I said there were no landmarks on the Diamond along the whole twenty
 five miles of its course though to open and broken and high woods, ~~about~~
 but ^{Eight or ten miles} ~~in the lower part~~ down the stream, just below where Roaring Brook came in
 from the east and Post Brook from the west, there was a cabin and a log hay
 barn. I stood on the edge of one of these natural meadows along the river and
 for years the Berlin Mills Lumber Company had cut the hay in this meadow
 to use partly for the horses and partly for spreading on the steep ^{part} ~~part~~ ^{of the} ~~side~~
 the road made to show up the heavy log slide in the winter time. ^{as the banks the logs down to the landing part by the spring drive.}

Cabin had been originally a log-walled room with a large fire place at
 one end but it had been enlarged and was adequate ^{now} for a family or for
 any small party of lumber-cruisers or for the surveyors who were ever
 moving through the immense holdings of the Berlin Mills.

All ^{western} ~~this~~ County in the old days was owned or controlled under ^{tenure}
 lease by two companies, the Berlin Mills Co., of the Brown family, and the
 Connecticut River Lumber Co. of ^{Van Dyke}. The latter took the
 lumber off the western water shed and ran it down the Connecticut to mill
 at

The former cut on the eastern ^{Northampton}
 water shed and ^{ran} ~~cut~~ the whole main County around the Hampshire and
 north to Parnham and ^{across} ~~down~~ the logs down the Diamond Stream, the
 Hampshire and the ^{and} ~~up~~ ^{to} ~~the~~ ^{great} ~~mill~~, and in later years the

peep early, & Broken. The Cornbelt Co. went out of business long ago and
 its very mills have vanished. The logs being cut down in then
 his ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~planned~~ ^{planned} of a log pile at where he was working
 by drive coming down from the north. The Erie Miller Co. is active steel
 cut back to mill. But peep wood high down by rail from Canada
 as well as out the cuttings of Co. and Franklin counties

In 1903 the peep, ^{and} cuttings had not begun and the heavy lumbering of the
 early year was over. The woods had grown up again in the best wood had
 opened out and hidden the ~~woods~~ ^{woods} of the early softwood devastation. There and
 there on the low accounts high place a slight East Branch of the West
 Branch at Garfield falls there were great stands of the spruce and ~~pine~~ ^{fir} ~~pine~~
 timber still standing which the axe had not touched. I think there must
 still be the great cathedral of pines around the hills foot which few have
 been seen since the Young Mill Branch began. and when I slept between two
 logs one cut and chilly night. But though the old lumbering was nearly
 over and the new had not begun there were still camps of the old days
 which had not fallen in and a few ^{like Buckman's} ~~like~~ ^{camp} ~~camp~~ ^{trout} ~~trout~~ ^{of} ~~of~~ ^{the} ~~the ^{West} ~~West
 Branch streams where the old lumbering began. The ~~crisis~~ ^{crisis} of
 course, was at the woods in the summer but there were ~~conferences~~ ^{conferences} in
 the summer to protect the supplies - paper, boxes, lumber, sugar and the rest -
 and there was ~~men~~ ^{men} on the Company ~~same~~ ^{same} as the ~~Southwest~~ ^{Southwest} ~~College~~ ^{College} ~~ground~~ ^{ground} on the
 West Branch and in the ~~Members~~ ^{Members} on the ~~Dept~~ ^{Dept} ~~Branch~~ ^{Branch} to cut the hay and
 store it for the ^{logging} ~~lumbering~~ of the following winter. Over ~~Crimmins~~ ^{Crimmins} was living in
 the Dept Branch when they ~~trout~~ ^{trout} and ~~fish~~ ^{fish} ~~down~~ ^{down} the stream ~~the~~~~~~

August day in 1903

We knew nothing of the country ^{there}, except the general direction of the stream and of the separating mountain range. We ^{had} had ^{not} visited the river for a long time. We knew of no one who had been ^{there} ^{the} ^{summer} before us but we knew that if we lost all track we could follow the stream through in two days and we counted on not missing the open meadows of the Pass. And we did not miss them. As the golden light shined down the valley in the evening we came through the cedars into the thin and largest meadows and saw the smoke rising from the kitchen chimney. As we came up through the grass and our baskets fell Owen saw us and stopped out to meet us. He was a ~~typical~~ ^{typical} New England farmer - a descendant of the frontier type. He and his family, 9 wife and four daughters, lived at ^{the} ^{location} ^{to} ^{the} ^{Pass} ^{at} ^{the} ^{Pass} on the Megalloway and he was working for the Berlin Mills. He had come ^{to} ^{the} ^{Pass} the year before but had been down for 6 years, but this spring he had brought the family in and he came to rough, over-grown and road where he had to cut at the cedars and the wind falls to get through. He ^{came} ^{through} the woods in those days and we knew the ^{place} ^{stranger} they had seen.

In the summer we introduced ourselves and with the hospitality of northern New England, ^{Cordial} ~~cordial~~ but reserved, we were made welcome.

After supper we sat down in the ^{big} ^{room} ^{of} ^{the} ^{original} ^{cabin} before the big fire and the gravel ^{was} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{chase} ^{morning} and out a ^{big} ^{dash} ^{pan} on the floor ^{to} ^{catch} ^{of} ^{the} ^{day}. I was so ^{to} ^{be} ^{and} ^{fed} ^a ^{and} ^{drives} ^{hungry} ^{and} ^{was} ^{packed} ^{them} ^{away} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{big} ^{trunk} ^{and} ^{for} ^{little} ^{pan} in the ^{bag} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{car} ^{with} ^{the} ^{other} ^{things}.

key?
man ~~that~~ me from sleeping?

"I had ~~at~~ ^{at} of all my ^{perk} ~~saw~~ but I didn't want for meat as I had to
do one job to shoot through the door and then I opened it enough to force ⁱⁿ the deer
in ~~the~~ ^{old} ~~door~~ ^{quick} ~~and~~ ^{pannel} to shut again with all my strength to keep the
head from pushing in ^{an} ~~and~~ ^{against} ~~crossing~~ the wall I was good then
and I could refer it just as I liked to hunt, and I found it and broke it
and showed it and roared it. And I says to myself 'I'm going to have enough
deer meat for meat in my life.' And Sir, boys, I did. I had ^{sweet} enough after
I had ^{at} ~~later~~ about ten of them deer I began to get to sick of deer meat I didn't
want never to see ever a deer head again. And as the time they was a railing
about in a deer house but filled the work somewhat and I never was rid of
the chack-chacking of the bucks' horns ~~day~~ ^{day} ^{or} night nor day.

"And last I says to myself 'I've got to get a little of something ^{than} ~~the~~ ^{matter} ~~else~~ ^{than} ~~that~~.
his deer are worse than ^{them} ~~grain~~ ^{then} ~~the~~ ^{human} ~~Stammide~~ ^{was} ~~down~~
only a many grain. I guess ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{barometer} ^{couldn't} ^{how} ^{stood} ^{so} ^{many} ^{years}
if this hadnt been something 'compensating' and 'counteracting' in that manner ^{then}
'of my?' I says. 'I could get a bit of fresh fish' and then I made up my
mind that I would go to get me a fish out of the big pool in Port Brook which
never freezes over because of the big flow of water from the flowage above the dam
and the good boys know..

"O, I got me a line ^{an} ~~and~~ ^{hook} and ^{an} ~~bit~~ ^{of} ~~meat~~ ^{for} ~~that~~. But how can I be
get out of the house and through the mess of deer. I went up stairs ^{an} ~~and~~ ^{looked}
at and they was a solid mass from the house down to the river. So I found
the window out dropped down and layed it over the deer. Three times I

trapped on the horns of some big bucks ^{an'} and fell, but the buckie was a close
 packed together that I seen right on ^{an'} and jumped off the last deer down by the
 edge of the river. I had my snow shoes tied on my back ^{an'} I set down ^{an'} and
 put them on ^{an'} then went up the stream to camp Parkers house in, ^{an'} I
 followed up the old foot road which comes in ^{an'} at Colbrook way back of
 Admon Cross's place ^{an'} which had haint been used for many a year.

Three miles up I came to the old dam ^{an'} the water was roaring over side the
 big black pool ^{an'} then sliding away under the ice. I set up on one of the
 good down timber and let my line down into the first water ^{an'} to see if
 the pool and in less than ten minutes I felt something. I went away quick yank
 but a steady holdin' ^{an'} I began to haul in. I hauled ^{an'} until it was over
 that ^{an'} then I found I had found on something too heavy to haul straight up
 at the water to where I was sitting ^{an'} on the lowest side of the dam.

"Do I hope the line haint ^{an'} and began to climb down the side of the dam
 timber until I got down on the shore ^{an'} so at the side of the pool. Then I began
 to haul in horizontal, very quick until I began to feel it come. I hauled in
 little by little until I seen what I had got. ^{an'} a great big hoghead on the
 end of my line and I soon see that the line run right in the heavy hole.

Well, the boys, I couldn't make it out at first and then I began to re-
 member. The winter the Company was taken supplies into the camp a Port
 Brook where you see the remains of on the rocky ledge of them where the
 timber was in so thick about the place. The hole was run across between
 holes on the ice ^{an'} and one of the ^{an'} big right horse was shot down there through
 and sunk. The Company didn't want to lose the dog ^{an'} and they ^{an'} sent in some

big empty hogheads which were cooked down under the boat on a fire.
 They put it up at last ^{an'} just left the hogheads in the Pond. Well I
 was that one of these hogheads must have been cooked down in the firing line
 and got lodged there in the food under the dam. but what my hook ^{an'} line
 was down in the bag hole of the old barrel was ~~long~~ ^{long out} over. I know'd
^{how some} there was something unusual a hair and pulled in some camp. ~~an'~~ The
 old hoghead ^{come} in slow order I could get hold of the end and then I let
 go of the line and reeled the barrel up to the bank.

"I had my axe away and ^{an'} I stole in the barrel end ^{an'} touched the
 stake at ^{an'} by golly, boys, there was the biggest salmon had inside the I
 had see in my life ^{an'} it had my hook flew fast in its mouth.
 I must have got in there when it was small and grew too big to get at ^{an'}
 it had just kept a growing! When it got so big as the barrel it doubted he'd
^{an'} give it to the light. That had been fished over three times inside the
 hoghead. I pounded him with the side of the axe until I got him ^{an'}
 straightened out and then he lay out seven feet long ^{an'} ^{an'} weighed eighty
 pounds if he weighed an ounce. I cut him in three pieces ^{an'} and put him up
 for a quarter, his quarter and body in a pack ^{an' toled} and ~~carried~~ ^{carried} him down
 to the Deep the same.

"When I got down, there ^{was} the deer packed close about the one house ^{an'} I turn
^{an'} I climbed up on the outer edge of the herd ^{an'} and walked over to the house. When
 I got over I ^{threw} up the fish ^{an'} the deer over ^{an'} the axe on the roof of the
 pack ^{an'} then I jumped up myself ^{an'} and climbed in the window. That was the last day
 of January. ^{an'} ^{an'} I ^{can't} remember from the fish chamber I made up for me this day.

No, Sir, I had not any doubts with your eyes in that they should be such & good have
 if you are caught with little fishes like this, you ^{have} been chosen here
 tonight. ^{an'} that ^{an'} the omission carried on till the end o' March
^{an'} and then there came a big thaw. ^{an'} and the snow began to clear up a bit and ^{an'}
 the deer thinned out so that I could open the door and see out of the windows
 from. Although, if you'll believe it, the breadth of the deer was from two inches
 thick as the windows on the north side of the house.

"And in May the spring began to come, my dear at first but faster after some,
^{an'} ^{an'} and I never was so glad to see it, ^{an'} and I never was so glad to
 see any one or when I hear's you could then get on and show you ^{Comin'}
 correct the mistakes. That was a fine taste of fish you got today. but it appears
 to me that there ain't so good fish in the ^{streams} as they used to be."

The Day Fish Trout

"Just have been fishing Roaring Brook today", said Owen as we came in in the evening and emptied out our baskets. He swam down some cutting down behind the broken hills between Poor Brook and the Deep Diamond and there was a purple blue ^{algae} ~~growth~~ over the meadow and the alder thickets which we could both see and hear. Just beyond the alders and the river rose the Devils Mountain and the redness came back from ^{it} as clear as though they were the one of some fishes. Some pines coming down through the spruce and the maple and the big yellow birches to join us before Owen's fire.

We had ^{indeed} been fishing Roaring Brook. It comes into the Deep Diamond ^{about two} ~~about~~ miles above the farm, and for a mile above its mouth it was good fishing. At the end of that mile were Roaring Brook Falls. An old wood road ran up one side of the Brook and we could know from the road of the falls when to get down from the road to the good places. There was no use in going further up. The falls came to light for but to ^{drop} ~~check~~ and there were nothing above them but empty water laid in alders and blue berry thickets when the conditions were right, however. The pool below the falls was large. We could stand on the mossy rocks at the ^{lower end} ~~bottom~~ of the pool or on one side and cast all over ^{it} ~~from~~ being careful not of the banks above and behind where he could be easily. They up. And as he filled up his creel there were always in his ears the rich music of the falling water, change and never the same. He kept fishing steadily up and down the stream and the golden ^{checked with deep shadows} sunlight ^{came down} through the big trees into the damp coolness of the gorge.

"Owen", we exclaimed "we fished Roaring Brook but how did you do?"

was a glorious housewren and we knew that there were no human beings
 who knew as much of heaven as we did, who knew what birds were things
 were waiting around each house and from which spot the good part of others
 you got some. Every evening at 7th street was a frequent meeting and we
 would climb out of the house a time out of the head to meet ^{each other} $\frac{1}{2}$ as we passed by.
 I shall not know the hope of Owen's indignity and the old barrel lying there
 among the ferns, which seems too heavy to be laid of the long part.

"Now" said Owen "I'll tell you about the Johnny. The shell was repaired
 for it happened that at their house ^{an'} ~~but~~ there was a barrel in the long
 too. Johnny used to drink too much ^{an' try to} ~~and~~ to collect ^{an'} ~~and~~ ^{to} ~~be~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~house~~ ⁱⁿ
 the camp for a while until he would drink up a thing and get away
 from him in one week after the last night down were over, he was when he
 down. Even now, do at least in desperation some of Johnny's friends made a
 plan to reform him. They were all in a shell ^{an'} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~they~~ ^{they} ~~were~~ ^{were} ~~drunk~~ ^{drunk} ~~to~~
 drunk but he was dead. So they put on the big barrel in which the Company
 and plan a beam a sort meat into the camp. Just out a barrel an
 I caught it by hand in an hour ^{an'} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~they~~ ^{they} ~~were~~ ^{were} ~~drunk~~ ^{drunk} ~~to~~
 put Johnny inside ^{an'} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~he~~ ^{he} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~drunk~~ ^{drunk} ~~to~~
 up the bar and read along the barrel ^{an'} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~he~~ ^{he} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~drunk~~ ^{drunk} ~~to~~
 side of ^{an'} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~they~~ ^{they} ~~were~~ ^{were} ~~drunk~~ ^{drunk} ~~to~~
 from out the long road up to the Johnny would get plenty of air.

"Then they went away ^{an'} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~left~~ ^{left} ~~Johnny~~ ^{Johnny} ~~there~~ ^{there} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~sleep~~ ^{sleep} ~~for~~ ^{for} ~~an~~ ^{an} ~~hour~~ ^{hour} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~meditate~~ ^{meditate}.
 They worried but after a day or two he would come to ^{an'} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~they~~ ^{they} ~~would~~ ^{would} ~~be~~ ^{be} ~~reformed~~ ^{reformed} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ
 place here there also in the barrel where he had reformed his way ^{an'} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ

Resolved that he would never drink again.

"One, the next day Johnny awoke up ^{an'} and he didn't know where he was a town ^(on the woods) he ^{some} ~~was~~ to be there then he began to remember. ^{and to do a lot of things} It was all very quiet and still. ^{the} Johnny had got very much room ^{inside} ~~about~~ the barrel but he trusted about as ^{an'} but he would see out of the trap web ~~and~~ ^{an'} as that he could see over the blue sky and the heaven of the trees ^{an'} and it seemed to him that he was a long way from home ^{an'} but he might ^{not} never get back again. "I ain't never quiet to get into a fix like this again", he said to himself. "If I could only get out of this ^{an'} and get home again I would at never touch another drop again so long as I live". But that was all the good it did him. She ^{put} her mouth to the trap ^{hole} and yelled for help but nobody answered him. There ain't nobody there to answer him. There ain't nobody within six miles of him. She saw that ain't no use yelling' so he lay quiet ^{an'} thought. I guess he said his prayers for ^{an'} he prayed to be got out of the barrel ^{an'} to be ^{lower} ~~sent~~ to go home. But nobody answered him ^{an'} and by ^{an'} ~~and~~ ^{an'} it got dark in the woods ^{an'} he went asleep.

"When he awoke up the sun was shining ^{an'} and he could see the light on the banks of a big white trail tree ^{an'} and he was ^{an'} ~~all~~ ^{an'} ~~away~~ ^{an'} from being covered in the house ^{an'} and he was all hungry ^{an'} and thirsty, but there was not anything in the barrel to eat or drink. So Johnny thought ^{an'} and prayed ^{an'} and at last he did what he referred to himself ^{an'} and he promised that if he was let out of the barrel he would not drink anything but coffee ^{an'} and tea ^{an'} and water if he had to be a hundred years old.

"And just then Johnny heard something more in the bucket ^{an'} and suddenly

and on by on the land quarter of ^a ten-pronged back. Just then the Captain looked
 out to sea. "Minner say, timber, boys," said he, "look at that." They all looked
 and about a mile out to sea they saw the great cone summits toward
 the island. The ship was carried in a cove and he decided to go. The log had
 over stream and behind him on top of the sea and he left a great wake
 across such as there has never steamer make to day, without they want any
 such things in those times. About quarter of a mile from shore the log fell
 down and dipped his feet down on the bottom and began to work. As he
 came within in his body came up at the water and they could see the
^{five} things from log. The log black hair being ten foot down the back of the
 came within along, and a rod at every side. The head also was as high as the
^{tree} green granite of Robert Cumings's. That you know.

When he got to the path up to the spring he never looked about to see the footprint
 about the sand but made but to come straight right up the back of the spring
 and throw himself down and began to drink. The Captain and his men had hid
 in the bushes when they saw him come and looking out they saw him drink
 the spring down to within four or a half inches of the bottom. Then
 he stood up and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and soon saw the
 hair on the back of his hand was as long as that of Pop Cleveland's hair who
^{came} ~~was~~ to carry the mail from Cobcook up to Almont and Kidawelle. Then
 he pulled himself and lay down and took a nap. He never for the water did
 close to the water he looked up. Then he got up and drank the spring down
 again and walked down the path and into the sea and swam away. For
 out to sea they watched him perhaps found through the water like a stream.

with his long black hair floating out behind him.

As soon as he came out of sight the Captain and his men turned back to the ship and the Captain he says "Well boys we haven't ketches many whales and we must make much out of what we have ketches. But I am going to ketch that giant and we'll take him back to Boston and put him on exhibition there and will make an handsome, every man of us that giant will be worth more than a hundred whales."

Next day as they set about getting a supply of water aboard but could not see the way back to Boston and when land they find they were out on the ship in the next three days. The Captain he set his confidence to his people, private to keep watch for the giant but he would come back and surprise them and when his men and eat them all as they get forgotten and go away.

When the water was all on board the Captain he laid his plan. He got some blocks and tackle and ropes to bind the giant when he had caught him and haul him out to the ship and he had the deck sawed open so as to make a big hole to lower him through down into the body of the ship. Then he took six big barrels of strong Jamaica rum and hauled them up the back to the spring. Then he stood them up on end and turned the heads out and left them just when the fish entered at the spring beside the spot where the giant lay down to drink. Then he and half the crew hid in the kitchen and upon and showed water for the monster to appear.

When the preparation was barely done about noon the lookout called that the giant was swimming in. Then he saw a milk or more out to sea floating through the water and his long hair streaming out behind. He

came ashore just as he had done before another in the last quarter and
 shortly after the answer for you would cross the ripples down the shore past
 Beach come into the Diamond. And he came straight up the path to the spring.
 There he saw the air high above of Jamaica and he stopped and sniffed and
 looked all around and Tom says he struck into the briars on the hill aspen
 trees you can hear gunner's bark of the house as he saw the giant face. I saw
 the first night he had ever seen ~~to~~ see his days. But the men were all down
 one or death and the giant began examining the rum barrel. First he smelt
 then he to offer one big finger in and licked it. Then he ~~drooped~~ ^{drooped} ⁱⁿ ^{his} ^{mouth}
 had few of the rum and drank it. Then he licked it so much that he lifted up
 on barrel as early as you could get a cup of coffee and drank it down at one
 drink. Then he picked up another barrel and he didn't stop until he had
 drunk every bit except just seven pints in the last barrel. Tom measured it
 for he wanted to be very particular about every thing.

When he sat down the last barrel the giant looked around very sleep like. Tom
 said that the first one you eat of his great face. And soon he lay down on a big
 bed of moss beside the spring and fell into a dead sleep. So soon as they
 were sure that he was asleep the Captain and his men came out. The ship's black-
 and fastened ⁱⁿ ^{his} ^{arms} ^{and} ^{ankles} ^{and} ^{they} ^{bound} ^{him} ^{up}
 with heavy iron so that he couldn't move. Then they lashed the ropes to him and
 cut the black and took anchored to some of the big trees along the path they
 hauled him down to the sea. Then the fastened ^{to} ^{the} ^{big} ^{tree} ^{along} ^{the} ^{path} ^{they}
 him and drew him a bit back across the water to the side of the ship. Fortunately
 the sea was very calm and they had no trouble hoisting him up and lowering

him through the hole in the deck. Then they spread him out flat on his back on the main central beam of the ship's hull. and secured him with chains and ropes to the ship's ribs. To make sure the carpenter bored ^{some} big copper holes in the big keel beam and then ran the great's hair through two and knotted it round so tight that while they kept a little flag for his head there were no chance of his getting up.

As soon as they had been safe they ^{opened} ~~opened~~ ^{some} for a hole over his head through which to watch and feed him and ~~they~~ ^{they} ~~kept~~ ^{kept} another and set out the sails and started for home. It was a week or two before the approach of the new wave of hot air they were running south as fast as they could go to the Equator the man who was on watch, for soon he watched him every hour day and night, called out that the great's eyes were open and he came ^{coming} up on many an ^{could} ^{around} the hole looked in at him and Tom said it surely was a sight to make one believe seen ^{was}. He mounted higher to first hand but he could not move his body but his eyes and his mouth and his ⁱⁿ ^{mouth} and Tom said the sight ^{of} ^{his} ^{face} so that he has never seen ^{the} ^{body} a hand ^{of} ^{any} ^{since}.

^{near the} ~~When~~ he was awake they tried to find him but the great would not stir. He ^{was} ^{lying} ^{up} ^{and} ^{glared} ^{at} ^{his} ^{captors}. Occasionally he would try to move and though he could not, the great shook the ship from stern to stern. The Captain ^{was} ^{the} ^{more} ^{convinced} ^{and} ^{convinced}, to get him out at delay and with a good crew and all sail set they were running fast up to the Equator. There was a man aloft day ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{watch} for the first glimpse of it at least on day just about eight miles in the afternoon. The lookout called

down to the Equator was dead ahead. And then saw enough of a few miles away
 rose the long black mound as far as you could see east and west, the black hill
 the desert was in height more than four miles and that same chain across the
 coast and divide the north part to south. Then the Captain gave his order and they
 ran on at his post. There were two men at the fore on on each side with a
 big house of best wood and open and they sailed then a few yards out of the way
 of the middle of the ship, on either side and on each side with all ready. On each
 side and down on the stern with big sheets of linnen to prevent on the ship and to
 slip under the keel on the stroke to line. As the rest of the crew were at the stern
 of the ship each man with a big hoghead ready to roll up the deck to help the
 fore sail on the run up the north side. Then the Captain he stepped on one the side
 he had and hung out one the sheet to catch the wind and he laid her head straight
 for the black case ahead. As they stood he just after, and she's right of wind
 the fore was away up in the air - then the main at the stern ran forward pushing the
 big hogheads and the ship tided down and she's about the side peaked and put
 on the Equator when the giant gave a big lunge and broke the keel beam clean
 in two and the whole thing, the big giant and crew went down under the
 sea and was never heard of again."

"Gee, how'd you, are asked 'how did you escape and get home to see the tale?'

"Why, he had on his old lumberman's boots and the big sheep carter in them, to keep
 his slipping on the ground and better, and then give him a hatch as the slipping Equator
 and he climbed up just as far as he could he climbed up the logs running down to ground
 down there was on spring down and no on the top he worked in to one of the South
 American canoes and come home. She's been over on the old farm as the they always

On Four Mile Brook.

One summer we had gone down to the Farm to fish the Four Mile Brook. I got
 its name from the fact that it ^{meets} ~~comes~~ into the Dept Diamond from north & from
 the ^{old Dept} ~~junction~~ and the Dept Diamond. It was a long beautiful stream coming down
 a valley between the valleys of the Dept Diamond and the lower Dept Diamond. We could
 cross over from either valley to Four Mile Brook if we were willing to climb the
 long mountain that lay between. One week Ernest Hammet also had dropped over
 the whole country between the lower Dept and Four Mile Brook I searched out the ridge of the
 peak in a better place on top of the mountain. We made a raft to fish the pool but
 could catch nothing and it was a long distance from the pool before the brook was
 good fishing. It was with climbing the mountain, however, to do the usual starch
 of white pine we kept as had to spend a week night caddled together between
 two logs with white fog and rain all night long.

"Do you see in going to fish Four Mile Brook" said Owen "would you like to go
 over to it a new way?" The ways are times well. We were to go down from the
 Farm for five miles or so along the Dept Diamond and where the old road crossed
 the Brook to turn and fish up. A small dam to lower the old road and set up
 over a span of the mountain and cross down on the Brook at a high dam and a
 long thin's way above the had been camped long before you to decay. It this
 and best way was to go up on the mountain by the old road immediately
 below Owen's house. A three mile walk through rocks with snow, windfall
 and a last long mile of exposed track of young growth forest on down on down
 rapid fishing water. Several miles above the dam and the thin's way and we
 could fish down to the mouth of the stream on the Dept.

"You know these three ways, Owen. Is there another?"

"You want to, there is, if you don't mind a rough climb. And it will bring you down on the Brook away of where you have never fished before. And you never saw a prettier stream than you will see there."

There came four of us - Horace Coleman, John Dow, John Douglas, Adams and I. This was not the sort of thing that Adams liked for. I was Simian because, to say, climbing around like monkeys, reaching to the crags, barometer & jumpy life. But like the good fellow and good friend he was, he came with me. It was a day of shining gold and gradient blue with an air like wine and after breakfast the four of us started off for one of the deep white limestone in our memory. And came back to me and to what he saw with a dark weather and in far lands. One went up across the deep laden grass and though I could not find the deer which he thought he had seen and it was not long before Owen picked up the tangled fern-creeps low while we were to follow. Then we started to it but I was, well back perhaps on the last road there a road or so apart and running straight on an across across hill and valley in the timbered woods. Then to make the climb left straight up a rocky hill face and then for four miles that thick timber which had not been touched for a generation. It was "Simian business" but it was fine business, picking the spots on the ^{big} ^{hills and here the way,} ^{and} ^{holding} straight on in front but the land would bring us down in due time on the stream.

It can have and a long a we came pushing down the mountain side as heard the music of the Brook and it was as if Owen had promised that it would be. Had a hill had been in its center that year. There were no tracks on the sandy gravel patches which we found here and the some of tracks of the murre and the

and creatures, and as I sat lazily down to dream all the beauty day
fishing a fishing a drinking in the beauty of falling water and emerald leaves
as the fragrance of the forest and the sweet flowers and the fern and the sweet grass.

Over did the fishing that day it riddled along with one or another of my table
I never was out down in an open space along the Brook in the glory of the garden
I never there for lunch. There are no long soul in the heart and joy of life. Over
began.

"This is a great country for deer" said he. "When I think how many do and the
around and around around the farm the winter of the Big Snow I realize how full
the woods must be. I can not see why I and and at the high as country
this morning and every evening, as you know they come out in the woods down
We have just to be our brother than the last season" said he in the park.
And when there is so many deer there will be some different from the rest but he
was the deer in the woods for some years ago, now which you different from any
other I ever see a heart tell on.

One there was a man named Sammy Knight hunting deer over on Nathaniel Pond
Mountain. When he got up there he found that he had forgot his powder but had
forgotten to buy any bullets. I don't mind to tell you that was before my hunter
was and a Winchester a a Savage a a Remington He was hunting in a park
for he had some a big dog and the deer was there. As he was sitting down under
his shot to do he put his hand in his pocket and he found there a deer
cherry seed. It was not a bullet but it was the nearest thing to a bullet he had and he
put it in his gun. He had no more time for it as ^{when} there a fine buck come around
from behind a big moss-bush and he up and shot it. He could see it flying

but he had not dared to expect that he could kill a deer with a cherry seed. There are not two or three chances the best as yet he had set around a hole and seen six more deer with nothing to shoot at them and he went home.

Next summer Sammy was coming over Nathans Pond Mountain on day to fish on Nathans Pond and as he was walking at the very spot where he had been hunting the fall before, he saw a track among the woods. I have told you boys that there are greater woods on Nathans than any you know and Sammy kept very quiet to be what kind of a track I saw that would move about in the woods. Presently it came nearer to him and he saw that it was a little cherry tree and as he set out east at morning in a minute it came into plain view and would you believe it to recognize the very same identical track he had shot out the cherry seed. He had had his gun just lighter inches ^{about} back of his neck and ~~about~~ four inches down from his back iron and it had sprouted and grown up into a nice little tree that the deer cannot avoid and him whenever he went.

There were many hunters glad to know Sammy Knight's deer as he come to be called and so on ever that him and there were many sportsmen come by here or further to see the deer and the cherry tree. There were never but one cherry ground on the tree and that was the year the deer died. Sammy found him by day and he had the house and the seed of the cherry & his place at near Saint Dactin Mountain.

Did I ever see the deer? Yes I seen him one evening one fine Nathans Pond to Doreville Mountain. He was a beautiful deer. He had a pair by set of antlers and he had his horns up very proud. Yes I see the cherry tree too and I was

grass right out their back and went across though the woods just a sunny day
I. He reminded of my dog. It was July 27, 1889 they was a full moon that night.

There are another deer that I see many times over on the round hill that
you see so plain & correct looking up the large Diamond. I never had another
except on the hill. As a matter of fact I could go off anywhere else. I just
went round and round that hill and I always went in the same direction because
I could do anything dependent ~~the~~ express of you why I was so. When that deer
was just a little while back then come in here on hunting season a sportsman
you know - at least he thought he was a sportsman. He had all the clothes you
had about and the features of a the sportsman's paper advertisements. He had big
water boots that laced up to the knee and a corduroy cap with flaps to it and
then was not water in the way of outfit but he didn't know. He looked like
your boys at all. Except for the Adam one then your look just like to jump
over in, he looks in a dog for hunter's deer and he went up the Diamond to the
hill when there is always deer and before long the dog started that little back
and began to chase him around the hill. All day long he chased him around
and around and the third day he does the same. For a while until the sportsman
and his dog chased that deer and they never caught him or got a shot at him
and then they went away.

A short time after that I went up there to see some trees and I started
that deer. I see him there at first very awkward as I supposed him and he tried
to go straight up the tree but then he started round the hill and to run
around. Several days I went up to see him and at last I see what was the
matter. He'd go on his side and several in other ways than on the side. He

had been round and round that hill so often that his two legs on the sphere
 side was shortened and his two legs on the down hill side lengthened so that he
 could run perfect around the hill in one direction but he could not run around
 the other direction as if a down hill contest fallen down. I did not go
 call the fitter of eyes to a certain mountain, I understood that the very Darwin
 eye in human being was to be as an eye. So I judge that deer was a he was
 left some hours that accounts for it. He was just as he looks on a Sep 11/9
 "There are plenty of them in the woods too. Owen. Did you see much of with
 any of them out of the ordinary?" we ventured to suggest

"Yes Sir, boys, more than one. but I saw two pair of one, the biggest and one-eyed
 one I ever see. It was one fall late just before the heavy lay up for the winter
 time and as I was coming ^{along} down on all road on the mountain side down the
 between the Stewart and Perrygo road I came to a patch of wet ground by a
 little brook that runs across the road and there was the biggest hee track I ever
 seen a hee of. I went here ^{rather higher} than ^{about} long. I measured it and I was
 the length of my foot and ^{full span} ^{width} of my hand besides. He was a goodly of
 toward the farm and when I got home I see that he had been there around the
 house.

I did not see more trace of him for a week and then one evening the dog I had
 with me that November began to scratch at the door and when I ~~went~~ ^{got} out
 when I looked out after him I could not see anything at first and then I heard
 his eyes blink from the dog and I see a big black shape, bigger an ox with
 the dog in his mouth moving off into the woods.

Well Sir Boys I suppose I was scared and I took a gun out with me after

The afternoon I went out fastened up the doors and windows with the bars. I
 do not know how or how long, but one afternoon I was sitting smoking
 and I heard a heavy step behind the house coming down from the road past the
 one at the Mill Brook and then I looked out of the back window and there he
 was sniffing at the corner of the stove room. ^{He had a yellowish and was out} He was far bigger than I had figured.
 I never saw any fox as big as he was. He snuffed about a while and then he came
 round the house and entered on down to the barn. I was scared to shoot at him and
 he went down to the barn door and I saw him rear up and give it on his side
 with his paw and he went in. The next minute I heard the house "boom" and
 he came out with one of them ^{two} big wooden boxes and he dropped him in his
 mouth. He had knocked his head in and one blew his paw and he was carrying
 the box in his mouth just as a cat would carry a mouse. He and then
 he would get it clear off the ground and shake it just as much as to show me
 what he could ^{have} done with me if I had interfered with him.

Well, he drop the horse across the meadow and up onto the mountain side. I thought
 he would be gone for a sleep the next morning so I followed up the big creek
 had seen he had done the horse body but I found it all torn up under a
 big yellow birch and the Company's line marks on it. They were C 192 NE. That was
 murdered on it I was responsible for the Company's property including that horse.
 and I made up my mind that Mr. Bear had done good for me.

So I got out the biggest bear trap in the old cellar and I took it up to the yellow
 but when the dead horse was and I fixed it where the bear would meet it
 got his food in it I ^{then} he came back to eat some more. and I found the chain
 of the trap in the middle of a big heavy tree six feet long which would be

was to hold in the time as he handed it off, and then I waited for three days before I went back to see.

Then I went up and the dog and the big log hatched to it were gone. I was easy enough to see where he had dug them. The fence and bushes were all torn up and here and there I could see where the log had got hatched between trees and then would be traced as I went. At last I came to where I could see no signs of the log being forced along but there were still tracks, only they were mixed up confused and I could not trace as how many feet he had walked. I followed him clear up over the top of the mountain and then at last I saw him sitting up on his haunches and holding the big fragment in his claws like I saw a baby. He was reaching it and for and again. Probably he was too hot to eat too much and wanted to do nothing and I came up as close as I dared to watch him. He was just like a great big baby, ^{truly} holding the doll and a trying to put it to sleep. Only the tears were running down from his eye over his big yellow face. I felt so sorry for him, and all I could do to him, that I says out loud, "Mr. Bear I am very sorry I'm got to shoot you." And I nearly knocked me over but he says back as clear as could be "Shoot." When I saw he says that he said "Shoot" and that I was too scared to know it offends but I know'd purpose and what was been done and said and that was bear says "Shoot" as plain as I can explain it now. So I shot and he fell over and I got the other horse up and hauled down the log and the house then and spent it out on the house to dry and I carried the whole end of the big beam and lugged around the north side and up over the potato end of the roof. I ^{dropped} it then to Owen Brown down to Providence and it comes all the floors in his house.

"What at time to be going on down the Beach" Owen asked. "Gave a log distance down to the dam and the slum. away and then some for fishes about. Gave a bit" said "as haven't had to check yet at Adam for a tin of special cheese which as promised opened."

"Have while his opinion" of this "Owen replied. "Lie just the year of a mess thing while Henry Jones down to his old Mother's cat in Cabbage village. It had come back in their early days from a whales' cruise and he was sitting in the kitchen and his Mother tells her about his experience and the one Mother's ^{same} & Foster's ~~in his studies~~ for him for the ~~cat~~ ^{and} her big cat come sleeping in the window every the flowers had but there, sep me. I don't understand about this thrown of the hoopon and catches" It asked. "Can Mother say to. It show you. To be taken a by hand of Jackson which can be made here and becomes the for there and he ^{take it} fastens the end of the cord which can be made in a big dash pan on a chain in front of her jaw, like the hoopon here as could be a bit like in the whales' boat, and he fastens it as ^{by the} the cords to the ^{end of} floor and throwed it just like a hoopon at the cat. Well see, then there was no ^{went out of the window;} what he had with a hoopon ^{hook} in his hand at Pacific Ocean ^{fasten} that cat and the wood and cut like the ^{chop} hoopon like the rope one ^{line} of the ^{hook} ^{that's just the way} ^{the measure and} ^{at them} from room of S. Mother's eye Henry. "That there cat was to attack and ^{the} they cover the hoopon and the line." "Well they're gone now," says the young and that's the end of their two fastenings."

"I can see and smell and hear" said Owen. "That St. Adam has got that cheese tin open. It has, and Thomas and John had removed across the beach to the wilderness side. Adam and Owen and I stood our ground."

(and don't like ~~broccoli~~ ~~green~~, but
are on a real 3m ago at ~~steppin~~'

~~It~~ is a good cheese, said Owen I don't know as I ever tasted one as good
as ~~that~~ ^{that} Motta is a nice ~~broccoli~~, but I don't need a lot of ~~broccoli~~
in a cheese.

Johnny and his Grandpa.

"Some years ago" says Owen lighting his pipe and filling some logs on the fire, "there was a little boy named Johnny who lived down to Nashua. He was very sick and feary and the doctor told his mother that they had better take him out of school and send him into the country for the winter. So his mother took him on a sled and to breathe the fresh air. He was having a little of what is then days are called consumption and the doctor thought it might be cured if he could get in a hot steamy school house but could breathe in the balance and cheer his lungs open from such as I could gather a faithful copy of it winter I

Johnny's grandpa had a farm up in the Mayalloway country, so his father and some sent him up here to be with his grandpa and grandma who were fine old folks living on a nice big place way up in the land of the little mountains. Johnny's father brought him up to Berlin on the railroad train and the old man met him there with his backboard and they drove up to Enos. I was present looking down up that January night with about the Androscoptic below Enos where there was a single house a human being except in the blue heavy fictions. There was a snow the down is going down in the spring. They spent the night at the Cambridge House in Enos and the next day they came up to Berlin Mill and the next morning they reached home.

Johnny never had had such a happy life as he lived that fall. After the potatoes were in and the woods all cut and piled. There wasn't nothing to do except the daily chores and they were easy and Johnny spent his time in 'pardon my hunting' a woodchuck the deer a better hope for rabbits and to keep 'gotten' boys and better things too.

Johnny's grandpa kept a big flock of sheep. Mostly they was in the big pasture between the barn and the sugar-maple grove but now and then they was taken up to the big new field next to woods about as only partly cleared and was all full of stumps and big rocks and heavy brush. One day when Johnny was up there seeing if the sheep was all right he saw what looked like a great big black dog come out of the woods and catch one of the biggest sheep and take it off into the woods. He saw right home and told his grandpa and they went back together to see what it was and grandpa saw from the tracks that it was a smallish bear that had done the damage.

So the next day he took some bear traps up and set them in the woods and along the field. But they didn't catch nothing and by and by the snow come and the sheep was kept down nearer the house. But there was plenty of bear tracks in the snow and grandpa kept the traps set and baited. Sometime he went up to see the traps and some days he took Johnny but he didn't let Johnny go alone for fear he might by chance run into a bear that was hungry and angry. But grandpa made Johnny some good warm clothes with mittens and a hat big enough to keep his ears and he kept about all over the farm and gave stumps and worked on the time.

One day grandpa had gone off alone to see the traps and there had been so few signs of bears of late that he had set back his gun but had shown a dead sheep some time remaining so hard as he could run from the upper field, gave him some and then "hit me my gun. A Johnny got shot by gun quick." As soon as he come in and killed his horse he told them that he had seen the tracks of what would be the biggest bear that had ever been known in Iowa or Nebraska

country. They were as plain as plain could be in the snow and he was going back to father them. Johnny pleased so hard to go along the granite let him come and after they had a bit to eat they put on their worn-out mittens and muffers and started.

I was easy to find the big footprints along the upper fields and they, led on ends of woods and up along the ^{river} bank until they came to the place where the bear had crossed over on the ice and gone down the other side. Pansifer and Johnny followed the end following the tracks on down in the snow. Presently they came to a place where there was a big swept pond in the ^{river} bank which had not frozen over. Broken at the pond was a big log. The other end had got jammed in the bottom in the drift and the upper end stuck out eight feet or so above the water. After on the dry end of the log was seen big fat white tracks. Pansifer counted them tracks but he decided best to watch one skate and he decided would to check the bear if he were anywhere near. So he drove off a road a few and skate either he has all the tracks in a straight line. She pulled went through all seven tracks better but and suddenly, coming to the seventh, there was a eddy there going round the log and pansifer got a long stick and on the eddy brought the skate around he pulled them in. Then he watched the seventh track and compared it with the first and pulled all seven of them up in a little loop in the snow.

There was no sound no sight of the big bear so they left the tracks and followed on after the tracks down the river. They looked for very far, however, until they came to a mountain big pine stalk and the tracks led right up to the bottom of the stalk and then they stopped. Pansifer looked all around to see and then he went back a few rods and made another circuit for fear the bear might have

big jump off his course but there was not a sign. So he came back to the tree and "Johnny" says he, "his piece was must be hollow and that bear has climbed up and gone down inside." Grandpa hammers and the belt of his gun on the tree and it sure enough sounded hollow inside. Then he examined the bark and then across the scutche of his big claws where he took hold. "I love him in there and I'm going to take a chance and shoot him through the tree. Then we can chop a hole and get him out."

So grandpa steps back about ten feet and shoots at the stick where he thinks the bear has come down to. But with a crack of his gun the corner opens out. A bullet had a stream of wild bees honey but hits him in the chest and knocks him down. Grandpa took no taste of it so as to make sure that I was and then he jumps up and sticks his finger in the hole to keep the honey from going to waste. "Johnny" he says, "you run home and get four other sixteen good pairs in the maple-sugar. And and come back as fast as you can. I'll wait here and load back the honey."

Johnny runs home changed arms to ruin and through the woods and out the loop round about where he had come following the bear tracks and it wasn't long before he was back with two pairs mounted together in each hand. So soon as he got to Grandpa with the big stick he gives him a pair and grandpa held it up and drew out his finger and let the honey fall up it. He does it same with the second and third pair and they were enough to fill up the last pair too. "Johnny" just a great

Then they let the pair of honey go on one side some distance from the stick and grandpa began to calculate again as to how to get the bear. "Maybe he hasn't

Now all the way down 'till he 'hit in broken' branches up the tree. I'm a gain to climb up and look down inside the stick and see where he is. Then I'll climb down and shoot him through the tree." So he climbed up the stick until he got up on the edge at the top ~~of the stick~~ and he feared down to locate the bees. It was awful dark down the inside of the stick and the top above the stick was broken & was all splintering and hard to squatter on and as grandpa leaned over a little too far he lost his balance and fell in.

As the two grandpa were broken down the old bear was broken up and he was grandpa again and heard him bump against the inside wall of the stick. He was just as skinned as grandpa was and as he saw grandpa a father down he backed up against the side of the stick and ended in his stomach and grandpa fell right past him down into the well built honey comb. It was pleasant to him was all hebraten' a grandpa would not mean again how down grandpa a Johnnie again. But then he was with his legs a squasher down into the honey comb and the big bear just above him. Grandpa does some very quick thinking. First he was afraid the bear would come down on top of him and then he was afraid he would go out and leave him down there with no way to get out. So he reached up quick and ^{light} held the honey comb with one hand and with the other he got at his jack knife and opened the big blade with his teeth. Then he reached up the hand and the jack knife and gave the bear a sharp dig in his hind legs. Before the old bear could look down to see what was a gain on grandpa gave him another sharp dig and he began to scramble up the inside of the stick, pulling grandpa along behind him. So then the bear showed up grandpa gave him another dig and as they kept going up and then they got up to the top and grandpa let go the tail and

on and that head of the rapids edge at the top of the slab. The bear was trying to steady himself on the edge when grandpa gave him a lead big dog and the bear lost his balance and fell down and broke his neck. Johnnie saw him 'come in' and he yelled out to grandpa for help but he didn't need no help for the old bear was dead.

Then grandpa checked down the slab and scraped the honey comb off his legs and measured the bear. He was eleven feet long and three feet thick and grandpa calculated he weighed more or less a ton.

They left the bear legs at the foot of the slab and grandpa and Johnnie started for home to get the ox sled that had been in. Grandpa took two of the feet and Johnnie took the other two feet and the feet that was broken a great and they went down to camp over the river. Just as Johnnie got across the ice he heard a thud and looked back to see that grandpa had broke through the ice and was standing in the water up to his neck holding up a honey comb in each hand. Johnnie got some pine rosin and laid them out on the ice and kept out and got the feet on at a time and then grandpa climbed out and started to make the water at his pants. He and Johnnie both had their pants drop this night around the ankles to keep out the snow and grandpa was shaking off the cold water he felt something heavy inside his pants. He stooped down to make the straps and then fell as if one pants leg down by two found that and out of the other a big load. Broken salmon which had swum in the creek grandpa was standing in the water.

As they went all for a grandpa stooped over to make his pants he dropped off a ^{big} suspended butter from the back that flew upon a tree and hit

a corn in the eye that ever lay in a branch then and the corn fell down onto
the face and before he could recover and get away Johani killed him with a
stick.

After that they picked up the bones pale and started home again. I am near
there now when they got to the house and ^{put} on my clothes. Then they ~~started~~ ^{got out}
up the gang over to the shed and went back for the corn and the bear and the
Ducks. They were all there just as they left them and chosen a good safe place
to cross ^{the river} they got the ducks and the bear and picked up the corn on the come
back.

I would rather feel a great experience for Johani and to meet how thin the
hushma in the spring as well and heavy as you could want a big to be and
I'd let you those city boys down their eyes their eyes when Johani had them
the things I been a tellin' you.

When were you planning to get tomorrow? I'd want you to go down to
Dixie Dam and on down there Ellenwood Falls the water is just right for
the Yarn. If you don't have a good lot I'd be waiting for you on the old
white horse down there & the place you see about Blegg when your camp
out last summer with them little boys. you had along and I'd take you
over to a hole under some logs on an old cutting bridge over a bank that
comes down from French Mountain and the stream and you can get a
white fish just full of me fish in that one hole.

The fishing on Ellenwood Falls was not what I had hoped and we
didn't wait for much at Dixie Dam to take her on the White Miller. We could
never have got back to the Yarn in the dark so we came back up stream and

at Storm Bluff there were Owen on the old white horse. He had said he would be there and he never broke his word. He rode the sun faded horse, well used to picking his way through windfalls and broken corduroy, down into the stream and across into the woods and soon picked up ^{the} abandoned wood road which brought me soon to the old bridge. And there I saw enough across the first part of Owen had promised - schools and colleges and universities and national system of education of them and an tool what we wanted and factories.

Then in the summer evening as the golden sunlight slanted in long shafts down the canies of the spruce and balsam trees and the old white pine skeletons stood up in witness of the great past, and the Swift Diamond ran by in its quick, nervous race on its way to the Dead Diamond and the Mayallway, and the black horse wings flapped along beside it and a white throat called out its free song. "All the Peabody, Peabody, Peabody," we tramped up the familiar road to the farm. In an hour we came out of the woods into the meadow and saw the old cabin and the smoke rising from it by some chimney and Owen's wings standing in the door.

Alas! the days vanished and morning days hurry. The field is the, passed I never saw the sworn. And Owen is gone and the old horse (I) and I am gone and the first are gone. But the memory are never go. They and the friendships enshrined in them are kept forever.

And recalling that deer that Sammy Knight shot he did not kill and his
 charge did not see no in mind of a deer that he did shoot and kill on the
 stampet any you ever heard tell on. I was no better cold under and Sam-
 my was burden' over near John Brasletts burden cabin. I was to collect
 water by an creek remember. Sammys hands was so cold they got numb
 and he lost his bullet pouch. and he cried to for to call that the team run
 down his head and froze in long sharp icicles. Just then Sammy saw a
 big buck standing side on to him of the cardinal not seen. That Sammy
 was true at all. Sammy was despit at deer that big buck and having lost
 his bullets he just took off his then long sharp icicles from his head
 and rammed it down his gun and he shot that deer ~~right~~ ^{directly} back of the ear
 with that icicle. and the icicle pierced right ^{and through} and the deer to fall down
 and died of water on the brain

about Hutton's condenser

"I heard Beaman tell the story, from what you were quoting a minute ago. Once I was about some flying squirrel eggs. Did you ever hear it?"

"No," said Owen, "and I would like to."

"Well," I said, "Beaman was cooking in a ^{hopping} camp up in Massachusetts Lake and there were two flying squirrels that had been trapped in one day by an old chopper. He got them out of a tree about he had felled. Beaman fed them and cared for them until they became very tame and ran all about the cook-house. So he made them a house out of an empty spic box and found it under the table over the cook-house door.

"One week Beaman went down the lake to Greenville and as he was walking along the shore he saw some little cavity eggs in a Confederacy store and he went in and bought half a dozen. When he got back to camp he made a nice nest out of cotton and put the eggs in it and set it inside the flying squirrel house.

oldest

But Ray gets on the Company's ^{oldest} census came along who had been going over the amount before estimating the timber and he stopped to buy dinner and Beaman's was only a light one in the camp and they were all out so that the census and dinner came along. In the course of the meal Beaman fell to telling of the interesting things he had seen observing and at last he asked the old man if he had ever seen a flying squirrel's nest with the eggs in it. "No," said he "and no body else has did. Squirrels don't come out of eggs." "Well," said Beaman, "did you ever hear of a bird that didn't come out of an egg. I want to know how to fly come out of egg? And doesn't a flying squirrel lay? I don't know how an egg can be you explain to being able to

fly." "That's sounds reasonable," said the old woman "but I and so. Sprinkle
 sand lay egg and the bird get born out of egg." "well" replied Deacon, "there's
 a flying squirrel nest up there under the big tree, the above of Cook Lane down.
 You climb up and look in." So he got a ladder and climbed up and while he
 was on the ladder the two squirrels came sailing past so that he was convinced that
 at any rate it was a real flying squirrels' nest. When he reached the top he
 looked in and sure enough there was the nest with six white eggs in it. He
 peered in a long time afterwards, it and then he climbed down and put the ladder
 away.

"Deacon" said he, "that flattergast me. I've been forty years coming through
 this woods and that's the first time I ever knowed that flying squirrels lay
 eggs."

Do you see, said Deacon in ^{returning} telling the story, you can't ^{ever} tell how good and
 strange are the wonders of ^{the} nature

May

"	1	cash	80.00	
"	12	ck	250.00	
"	27	cash	3.50	
"	28	"	75.00	Dep. 50.00
"	"	ck apt boy	50.00	p. balance
"	2	cash	13.00	
"	3	ck	250.00	
"	17	cash	29.00	

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